

THE
WAC
WARS

THE BEGINNING OF REDEMPTION...

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¹ Note: This will be part of a much bigger story – as you may (or may not, depending on whether I ever finish this thing) see, it leaves you hanging. Hence, I may only use the first few chapters – entitled “Setup” as a whole, for the record – for the official IWP final draft.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Anti-Human Organization (AHO)

Raven Red...	Leader (Male, Raven)
Arthur D. Little...	Management & Marketing (Male, Armadillo)
Sir Brian Berkebile...	Defense Advisor (Male, Raven)
Dr. Albert E. S. W. Hawking...	Tactical Advisor (Male, Hawk)
Dr. A. Smith...	Covert Operations (Male, Squirrel)
J. R. R. O'Dwyer...	Public Relations (Male, Chipmunk)
Rebecca Moesta...	Bookkeeper (Female, Squirrel)
Depa Billaba...	Mediator (Female, Bird)
Mary Elizabeth Cohen...	Trash Collector (Female, Bird)
Fred Baggins...	Cannon Fodder (Male, Osprey)

The Worldwide Animal's Council (WAC)

High Council:

Roberta Grant...	Chairman; Day's Domain (Female, Chipmunk)
W. J. Logray...	Domain Liao (Male, Chipmunk)
Paploo Kneesa...	Domain Sandres (Male, Chipmunk)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)
?...	Domain ? (? , ?)

Advisory Council:

30 councilors; yet to be announced.

CHAPTER 1: THE PATH TO MARTYRDOM

It was late 1987 on Ram Island, home of the Worldwide Animal's Council. The council, general known as the WAC, was the only major animal government in the world – they had united the 43 former animal countries just 9 years ago, in 1978. The old borders remained the boundaries of the 43 WAC domains, but the world leaders had done an amazing job of bringing everyone together. Even now, lesser countries were petitioning for inclusion in the WAC. Delegates came across the world to plead their case. There were penguins from Antarctica who traveled in special freezer units, birds from the Amazon, and even the occasional jellyfish.

Almost all of the humans who lived on the island in the summer had left for the winter, leaving the island unusually quiet. The trees outside the wood auditorium had lost their leaves, and the ground was a rainbow of colors. Inside, the area was packed full of woodland creatures. All of them had crowded in on this hot summer day to hear a speech expected to change the world forever. Raven Red, standing at the podium in front of the crowds, prepared for his speech with his various aids as the onlookers murmured apprehensively, speculating wildly. This radical raven had recently become the most controversial figure in the WAC Consortium Territory, with the whole area divided by their views. Raven Red's PR agent was top-notch – though everyone knew this raven was merely power hungry, they could not resist his illustrious charisma.

Raven Red had decided that humanity could not be tolerated any longer. In the more learned circles this had been known for a week or so, but nothing could become official until Raven Red called a press conference. Now he had, and the news had spread across the world in mere hours.

No animal since the infamous Scabby Tabby Laddie had dared speak so horribly about humans. While the WAC was not blind to the way humans had killed many of their friends, the council members were of the so-called “Restart Generation” – the group who grew up as humans showed their caring side and halted most legal animal hunting. They thought that the days of slaughter were over, and that it was time for new beginnings. However, the older folk still resented humanity for what they had done.

The WAC had tried their hardest to keep attention away from old Raven Red, but their attempts had been futile. Everyone wanted to hear his latest criticisms, whether or not they were remotely close to sane, and the public would even call makeshift conferences themselves if no official audience could be found. All council members had

studied the trends of history very carefully, and the idea of a coming coup grew steadily in their minds.

Raven raised his claw for silence, and the rowdy crowd quieted expectantly.

“My fellow animals; my fellow victims,” he began. “Welcome to a new order of living!”

Raven’s bold words drew raucous applause from the audience. Obviously, he was a born leader.

“Before I get ahead of myself, I would like to thank every one of you for coming. I have never seen such devotion in my life – and I’ve lived a long time!” Raven’s joke was received with scattered laughs throughout the auditorium. “Ever since I started my public speaking, I have been greeted more graciously than I ever would have thought. You have listened to my ideas, even if you haven’t agreed with them. Now I hope that you continue that listened, despite the fact that it may be difficult. I am asking you to risk your way of life, but in the end the world will benefit.”

Even many of those who had arrived at the conference thinking they would boo him away found themselves captivated. Those who resisted noted with annoyance how this controversial character had stolen away their comrades. They realized they were facing a very cunning foe.

“For years, humans have tortured our kind. They have enslaved and slaughtered us. They have fed us poison. They have treated us, not as equals, but as slaves!”

More applause exploded from the audience. *What’s happening here?* thought one Council member in the audience. *Calm down, my fellows... be cautious! We don’t know where this lunatic is going with his ideas.*

“Why do we let this happen? Why have we simply gone along with this torture all these years, defensive and not offensive? These humans may have said that they will change their ways, but how can you believe that? Why would they choose *now*, of all times, to change their ways? No my friends, they have no intentions of doing any such thing!

“We must unite as one and fight off this threat!”

Even more applause than before erupted from the gathered onlookers. Raven received a record-breaking 2:42:16 standing ovation. Those who had resisted left quietly, shoving their way past still-standing admirers, with their hopes drowned like a rock in an ocean.

Raven Red entered his home, his smile as wicked as any you’ve ever seen. His speech had already received island-wide acclaim, and the news was spreading all throughout the WAC Consortium Territory, even though he had only made his speech that very morning!

He picked up the day’s newspaper, and was surprised for a moment not to see his own name emblazoned at the top, though he quickly realized that the paper had been published before his speech. “WAC-Wide-Web established... W3C elects first members... more technology stolen from those stupid humans...,” Raven mumbled, “what a boring day it would have been without my propaganda.”

Indeed, Raven thought with a smirk, that was what he was spreading. Raven was confident in himself and his beliefs, but he often put himself in other’s shoes. When it came down to it, he did admit that his speeches were more intended to set the stage for later events than they were to merely spread his beliefs. Raven was somewhat of a

paranoid conspiracy theorist, and proud of it. He could see beyond his own beliefs to see the heart of a matter, even if it was not a good heart. While others were clouded by absolute belief in their way of thinking, Raven's vision was as clear as could be. He was also an expert in spotting conspiracies – he assumed nothing. He had even gone through several scenarios in which his closest allies betrayed them, and would know how to deal with them if such a scenario ever came to be.

Though few knew it, Raven Red was actually planning an entrance for the rest of his followers more than anything else. When the controversial group eventually came out, they would need support for their public effort. Raven Red was setting the stage for a revolution so sudden the WAC would never see it coming. But that was later. Right now, he just needed a good rest – and that was just what he got.

CHAPTER 2: THE SHADY COUNCIL

The 10 AHO (Anti-Human Opposition) council members sat around an elongated wooden table in the large, dark room. The mood of the room reeked of evil plotting, but the occupants were actually rather cheerful this day. They had scheduled this meeting months ago – in fact, virtually everything the council did was meticulously planned. Raven Red saw to it that it was. They had planned this as a period of time to reflect upon the impact of Raven’s speech just a day earlier. They had never quite been sure whether it would be a planning time for a totally new strategy because of their old one failing, or if it would be a celebration. The latter was the case.

Raven Red had been confident since the beginning; he always was. Some had criticized him as being overconfident and apt to fall into a trap because of conceitedness, yet he been correct in his predictions so far.

The congratulatory feeling of the room soon gave way to heated arguments, as was inescapable during such turning points. Some councilors felt that now was the time to act and go public: they would ride the media wave of Raven’s success. Others felt that to fully take advantage of the new spotlight on their brazen leader, they would wait. They thought that hype surrounding Raven’s plans would only grow as time passed.

Meanwhile, Raven Red himself quietly sat at the head of the table. He listened intently, yet spoke little. He knew that useless words could only be used against him, and knowing the opinion of others would be the key to success. He would voice his opinions at the end, or when other councilors bluntly asked his opinion. He had ultimate power here, so he felt there was little use in petty arguments. Besides, had he spoken up at other times during the meeting he surely would have quickly ended debates that would later end up bringing forth several intriguing ideas.

“Go public tomorrow?” exclaimed one aardvark. “You must be joking.” The animal’s name was Arthur D. Little, and he was the council management and marketing consultant.

“No, I’m not,” a raven much younger than Raven yet similar in looks calmly replied. “This is a big deal for the WAC, but not so big that it’ll just keep growing in their minds without further action. No news can just stay in public awareness without some effort. The existence of a permanent alliance such as this will emphasize the fact that we mean business, and will slow the eventual decay of their interest while we plan more action.”

“And what an allied alliance we are,” Raven quietly chuckled. The other councilors paid no heed; they had learned to ignore Raven’s often annoying sense of humor.

The younger raven was in fact Sir Brian Berkebile, the councilor in charge of defense. He was someone who always wanted to act quickly and give the enemy no time to recover, which put him at odds with the more calculating A. D. Little. He was also one of the first councilors to be “elected” by Raven, and thus he thought he was superior to the other animals present.

“I see both sides of the argument,” said a hawk, “so let’s play a little game of Devil’s Advocate.” The animal – Dr. Albert E. S. W. Hawking – was the most intelligent animal present. He planned far ahead, much like Raven, and did most of the tactical thinking for the council. He was also just an all-around smart person; he had even tutored many of the more dense councilors. Because of his superior mind, Raven entrusted to him the task of making sure no one walked into a trap.

“Let’s think for a moment,” Hawking continued, “about Sir Brian’s ideas. If we did strike tomorrow, how do you think the public would react?”

“They would immediately realize that what the WAC has been doing all these years is wrong!” cried out Sir Brian.

“Perhaps, Sir Knight,” Hawking continued, “but might they not have another reaction?” The councilors paused, at a loss. Only Raven understood where the hawk was going, but he didn’t bother to share his revelation. His mind just kept going, thinking about the implications of what Hawking was about to say.

“Fear, perhaps?” prompted the brilliant doctor. “Put yourselves in their shoes for a moment. You’ve just heard this great, motivating speech from a controversial old Raven, and you start thinking about how humans have mistreated you all these years. But then, this fully-matured organization appears out of nowhere, whole-heartedly supporting Raven? You would of course realize that this had been going on for far longer than you knew. This was a conspiracy, and a well-thought out one at that. Could they have some other reasons to be spreading these ideas? The WAC is of the restart generation and supports humans. Could we be going after, not humans, but the position of worldwide government?”

“But we aren’t!” shouted Sir Brian.

“That doesn’t matter, Mr. Berkebile -”

“That’s *Sir* Berkebile!” the knight angrily replied to Mr. Little.

“- *Sir* Berkebile. It doesn’t matter,” explained the aardvark. “What matters is what *they* think.”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself,” agreed the doctor. “But -”

“But nothing!” yelled another councilor, Dr. A. Smith. He was head of intelligence and covert operations for the council. “You’ve hit it dead on for once, Albert. Don’t mess it up now!” Smith was known to be very moody, always swinging back and forth between loyalties and seemingly contradicting himself.

“As I was saying, Mr. Little, do you really think that the citizens of this administration would care about conspiracy?”

“What a hypocrite!” interrupted Arthur. “You were just saying -”

“They’d know the WAC had been wrong all these years to not do anything about humans,” Dr. Albert Hawking continued, undaunted. “They’d be in a rage. Who cares

about conspiracy? They could deal with that later. Besides, the BC-Scare turned out to be nothing. Why wouldn't they just throw out the WAC in a coup immediately?"

An old bird waddled into the room. "Mary Elizabeth. Where have you been?" demanded Raven.

"Just collecting my trash..."

"Didn't you get the meeting request?"

"Well, yes, but -"

"Sit down." The bird obeyed – to do otherwise would have been suicide when dealing with someone as merciless as Raven Red. Her name was Mary Elizabeth Cohen, and she was always torn between her job as trash collector and her role on the council. It was widely thought that Raven enjoyed torturing her.

One chipmunk cleared his throat to get the group back on topic. "We don't want them thinking about the BC-Scare at all," commented J. R. R. O'Dwyer, head of public relations. "With those theorists still in court – albeit with a low chance of success on appeal – our cover could be blown on that whole cover-up last year. Those people are crazy, but if they turn up any good evidence we'll have to quiet them. If we do, we don't want the public eye on the trial as we sweep away our pawprints."

"You think I would let our cover be blown?" asked Dr. Smith, indignant.

"Of course not, but we want to make your job as easy as possible," replied O'Dwyer.

The BC-Scare of '83 was when a group of unidentified paranoid conspiracy theorists envisioned an imminent invasion of the WAC by a huge organization that had been operating in total secrecy for years. However, months passed and the warning was brushed off as a ruse. Curiously, though, WAC's CCI 'spooks,' or spies, turned up no evidence on who started the faux scare. Later, in '86, more theorists envisioned another top-secret criminal syndicate. Their descriptions perfectly matched that of the AHO, and Dr. Smith had to work day and night to eliminate any credibility that the theorists might have had. He set the crazy animals up as the same people behind the BC-Scare ruse. They were immediately arrested and found guilty in court. While they had appealed several times and were still in court as the AHO meeting took place, everyone knew they had no chance. Dr. Smith had picked the perfect way to incriminate the actually rather brilliant theorists, seeing as the public had longed for someone to blame for the BC-Scare since '83. Of course, as long as those animals weren't locked away for good, Dr. Smith's job wasn't done.

"Let's get back on topic," suggested Rebecca Moesta, a squirrel. She was the council bookkeeper, and kept track of everything everyone said in every meeting. "Dr. Hawking?"

"Thank you, Rebecca, but my 'game' led to all additional thinking I had thought necessary," Hawking said courteously. "It's someone else's turn to speak."

"Such as mine," said Dr. Smith. "I feel that it is time for a compromise. Why not go public in, oh, a month?"

"I think that a month is good," said a bird who had been up to that point silent. Her name was Depa Billaba, and she was generally very quiet during AHO meetings – only giving input when it seemed necessary.

"Yes," said Hawking, "a month."

"I suppose that'll do," said Fred Baggins, whose lust for power was outdone by none.

One by one, every council member agreed. The group would go public exactly one month from the day of Raven's speech. The councilors went home and dreamt happy dreams, but Raven was worried. Something had gone terribly wrong, and with every motion he fell deeper into trouble. His plan was doomed. Worst of all, it was too late to stop it now.

CHAPTER 3: THE WORLDWIDE ANIMAL'S COUNCIL

*a taste for our loyal readers
of what's to come*

The AHO was not the only council to come together in that troubled time. The 13 High Councilors of the WAC sat in carefully arranged chairs directly below the meeting place humans called “The Lodge.” The Chairman, a chipmunk named Roberta Grant, stood at a podium at the front of the room. She represented the domain that Ram Island itself was a part of, called Day’s Domain. The 4 other permanent members of the WAC sat in a semicircle in front of him, and the 8 elected High Council members sat behind them. The Advisory Council Chamber was right down the hall, but it was empty at the time. Raven Red was too important a topic to leave to just anyone.

In the days following Raven Red’s address, the public had become alarmingly fond of his ideas. The council sensed that Raven also wanted power, and they would not let that happen. If someone so against humanity came to control the world, disaster would certainly follow. Thus the WAC High Council took it upon themselves to rid the world of Raven’s threat.

“Honored High Councilors,” Chairman Roberta Grant began, “it is time to spring into action – we must keep Raven Red out of power. The problem is how.” Chairman Grant looked around dramatically. “We shall be accepting ideas first from our 4 permanent member domains. Councilor Logray?”

Councilor W. J. Logray was an old gray-striped chipmunk who had represented Domain Liao from the Far East on the High Council many years. Sometimes considered a bully, Logray was also somewhat of a local medicine man. “Well,” he began, “we need our method of removal to be legal, of course. I think the only thing we *can* do is to put him on trial.”

“Hah! A *trial*... why not just lock him up and throw away the key?” That was Paploo Kneesa, another chipmunk. Kneesa was often rather rash and blunt, generally a characteristic of his homeland. Domain Sandres was one of the oldest animal domains, dating back hundreds of years, and its citizens were proud of it.

*WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
FIND OUT SOON!!!*

CHAPTER 4: CONTROVERSY

Coming soon to a classroom near you!